

Legends of Emeralds

by Edmund Russell



I SALUTE thee, O Emerald, magic gem! cries Mithras to this souvenir of green prairies, ocean depths and clear-cut wells of peaceful power.

It was occult to all ancient peoples. It shone midst the verdant leaves of the crowns of Druid priestesses, in the tangle of dark hair, above the unutterable yearning of their eyes of splendor, as never to-day in the conventional correctness of machine-made setting.

Color of universal harmony; emblem of hope, joy, abundance; it cured epilepsy, eased the pangs of childbirth and brought sleep to tired brains. It healed all ocular diseases. Indeed, so pure was its power that when the eye of a serpent met the eye of an emerald the serpent became immediately blind, or perhaps had to wear glasses like the cobra the rest of his life. Seeresses of old used to hold an emerald beneath their tongues so the incoming wave of psychic vibration might be met by its force and not utterly overwhelm them.

Light seems to traverse, to linger and caress this lovely stone, whilst the diamond seems to turn back the reflection so violently it strikes one almost as a blow.

Verdure—the emerald is sister



to the leaves and, like the sapphire, is best by day and shines from artificial light. Consecrated to the month of May, it is said to symbolize the charity that springs from a well of goodness in the heart and its color, nature's favorite, to speak of hope and new spiritual birth.

No other gem holds as many fascinating legends or haunting historical memories; they go back to immemorial time when the Incas worshiped the goddess Emeralda in the person of a stone as big as an ostrich egg and offered other emeralds to consort with it, so that the Spaniards were able to seize the votive treasures of centuries. The five emeralds which Cortez stole from the crown of Montezuma were of enormous size, rough-cut in the form of sacred symbols of sex worship. Even Cortez was so enamored of them that he refused to sell them to the empress and so lost favor at court.

There is still preserved at Rome the emerald sent to the pope by Peru after the Catholic conquest of that country and the name "Emerald Isle" given to Ireland, was from a magnificent ring sent by Pope Adrian to Henry II. when he took dominion over it.

The orientals have always known how to handle this wonderful crystal, setting in peacock-tinted embroidery of enamel, keeping its irregularities of form, perhaps simply smoothing the edges so as to preserve as much color as possible. Indian princes often wear emerald rings fully two inches across. In the shrine of the great Tooth temple of Kandy, Ceylon, there is a Buddha of fabulous value carved from a single gem. I have seen in the treasury of the sultan of Turkey whole robes encrusted with emeralds, with superb single stones of the purest water set in the handles of scimitars. There were prayers in the interior of the Taj Mahal spelled in emeralds before the British soldiers dug them out with their knives.

We read of Nero viewing the games "men played with death, where death must win" through emerald eyecups. Caligula's consort leaped from the verdant balconies of the golden hill adorned with two millions of our dollars' worth of emeralds and pearls.

Napoleon wore through some of his bloodiest battles the great emerald torn from the throat of Charlemagne when they dared to disturb his slumber and to this talisman the Man of Destiny ascribed his power to sleep at will and as long as he wished. When Isabella was to paint the last portrait of Josephine, she said: "Paint me in emeralds to say that my sorrow will be over green, but surround them with diamonds to portray the undying purity of my love."

Of course royal people hold the finest examples of this gem, which, in conjunction with pearls, they prefer to all others. Queen Isabella was very proud of her carved emeralds, but carving destroys the greatest beauty of the stone, the perfect limpidity of its color. An Italian princess possesses the most famous parure in Europe, enhancing her patrician beauty as she stands against the faded green tapestries, the ornate and malachite of her Roman palace—a never-to-be-forgotten picture.



to be. One thought of the enormous waste in cutting them all the same shape. Each should have been of slightly different form, their setting following as though the artist were loath to lose any tinge of beauty; the edges should show the touch of his creative hand, perhaps even the hammer marks. Each link speaks individual strength and feeling in its twist, and should be encrusted with grains of gold, beads of enamel or tiny gems, and some continuous design run even on the inside.

For those who are really rich, yet may have but little money, there are other beautiful green gems.

The peridot should be given sacred honors, for it is the only gem that has ever been known to fall from heaven, having occasionally been found in these mysterious masses called aerolites.

Like some rare sea thing in sea tones is the pendant of peridot, olivine, aquamarine and violet tinted pearls. Half lost in gauzes, it would encourage and reveal a personality that would be completely extinguished by



the diamonds of the archduchess.

Don't value the emerald on account of its commercial value but on account of the matchless value of its tone in relation to other tones. Sometimes a touch of enamel, or chrysoprase or turquoise does as well. If you can attain to its glory, it is a great privilege to wear it with other things that show your right to such beauty, but not simply in display, as if bidding for the prize of a gem show.

LONDON'S OLD ROMAN WALL

Visitors to London whose tastes lie in the direction of exploring ancient remains will be gratified to learn that the Society of Antiquaries has succeeded in securing the preservation of a very fine fragment of the great Roman wall around London, which has just been laid bare, a London letter to the New York Sun says. From time to time portions of the great structure, the external wall of defense built about the city in the fourth or fifth century, have been uncovered in digging foundations while rebuilding streets or houses. These have rarely escaped demolition. The latest discovery is to be preserved for the benefit of the public.

It is situated near Newgate street, close to a new annex of the general postoffice. The fragment, which is that of a great curved bastion, is 50 feet long, 30 feet high and 8 feet wide. The present summit lies several feet below the surface of the ground. The whole is in a wonderful state of preservation.

The material is that known as "Kentish rag," supported by heavy Roman bricks and showing clearly the characteristic layers or bands of red tiles, such as may be seen at Burgh castle, Pevensey and Richborough. The interesting relic is to be built around, so that it will lie in a cave which may be entered by stairs and inspected by artificial light. The line of the great Roman wall is well known and much of it undoubtedly remains below the houses to-day, which are largely built upon it as upon the securest of foundations.

POLE FAKER OF LONG AGO

It is told of a titled Englishman that when his son explained his folly in going down a coal mine by saying that he spoiled his clothes so as to be able to say that he had performed the feat, replied: "Why did you say that you had been down the mine and did not go?" This method appears to have been followed by one James Knox de Bolduc, a monk, who, according to a Paris contemporary, says the Army and Navy Journal, made his polar voyage in 1665. This is the pole as described by this Bolduc:

"At the pole one finds the place where all the waves of the sea concentrate to disappear in the same whirlpool. Four great islands surround this precipice, separated by four great canals, succeeding which are the divided seas. An enormous rock, quite black, and 23 miles in circumference, marks the pole itself.

"The unfortunate ships which venture into these latitudes are immediately lost, if they are not assisted by favorable winds."

The Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, India, suggests that the account of Bolduc may be found in the "Teutsche Acta Eruditiorum" (1712).

of output which makes Richmond mining profitable.—Boston Globe.

Hint to Amateur Carpenters.

A nail driven into oak or other timber often times bends or breaks. To avoid this all is needed is a little wax or soap. The nail, if greased with either of these will go straight into the board. Carpenters who do finish work bore a small hole in the handle of their hammers and then fill it with either wax or soap, running the nails into it as they use them.

How Love Came to Harriet

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

Harriet threw her books on the couch and said in a tone of disgust: "Everything is so different this year, and horrid—"

Mazie looked up languidly. "What's the matter?"

Harriet sat down on the foot of the couch. "Well, last year all the girls were just jolly and simple and natural, and now they've all come back in love. Four of them engaged, and the rest—mooing."

Mazie laughed. "Well, they are old enough, aren't they?" she demanded. "This is their senior year."

"Yes, they are old enough," Harriet admitted, "but I don't see why they wanted to tie themselves up, and now they can't talk of anything but romance and roses, and they are always writing letters. Even you, Mazie, when I begin to talk on sensible subjects, your eyes get dreamy, and before I know it you are asking me if I don't like blue-eyed men better than brown-eyed ones."

Mazie blushed. "You'll know how it is yourself some day, Harriet."

"If I do," said Harriet, fiercely, "no one will know a thing about it. I'll keep it to myself, and not go around looking like a dying cat."

Mazie's laughter rippled. "You couldn't hide it, Harriet—no woman can."

"Well, you see," Harriet said, "but I'm not going to fall in love—I'm going to stick strictly to books and let boys alone."

"Of course," said Mazie, demurely. "I wish you joy, Harriet."

They studied in silence for awhile, then Harriet said, "I am going for a walk—want to go, Mazie?"

Mazie's eyes twinkled. "I've got a letter to write, Harriet."

"To Bob?" Harriet demanded.

"Yes."

"But you wrote to him yesterday."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you are hopeless," said Harriet, and flung herself out of the room.

On the way downstairs she met four dreamy maidens, each of whom refused her invitation to walk, and Harriet

thought of the boys she had known—nice fellows, but occupied with having a good time. She decided that if she ever married she would choose a man like the doctor.

She wondered what kind of woman his wife might be, and complained to Miss Flick. "The doctor's wife hasn't been in to see once."

"My dear," Miss Flick exclaimed, "he isn't married."

"But the maid spoke of Mrs. Redmond."

"That was his mother who was over for the day."

"Oh," said Harriet.

Of course, everybody knows what happened. Harriet fell in love with Dr. Redmond.

"But no one shall ever guess," she resolved, bravely.

But that night as she lay on the couch in the living room, with Miss Flick downstairs, eating her dinner the doctor came in.

"Better, little girl," he asked.

"Yes," Harriet's tone was subdued. "He sat down beside the couch. 'You'll be well enough to go back to-morrow,' he said, 'and I know you want to get at your studies.'"

Studies! Harriet had forgotten that such things as books existed.

"Oh, yes, of course," she stammered. "He gazed into the fire, his grave eyes intent on the dancing flames. 'I shall miss you—' he said at last. Harriet caught her breath. 'It has been nice to be here.'"

He turned to her suddenly. "I wish I might say to you all that's in my heart," he said. "I'm such a lonely old fellow, and you fit in somehow into my life. You are so straightforward and sweet—and dear—Harriet."

And then he asked her to marry him, and Harriet, man-hating Harriet, said "Yes."

"But you mustn't tell any one," she warned him, "not a soul shall know until spring."

She went back to school the next day, arriving at three o'clock. And at five she wrote a note. At seven, as she sat studying with Mazie, she caught the eyes of her roommate fixed upon her. "Harriet," Mazie said, reproachfully, "I don't believe you know a word in that book—it's upside down."

And Harriet blushed.

Mazie came and sat down on the stool at her friend's feet. "And you are different, somehow," she went on; "if it was anybody else, I should say you were in love."

And then Harriet confessed, unexpectedly. "I am. And oh, Mazie, he is the dearest thing."

And Mazie, having kissed her, triumphantly remarked: "I told you, Harriet—I told you you would love any other girl when love really came."

Harriet's eyes came open with a snap. "I've got to get back," she said, with decision.

The doctor laughed—a mellow laugh that Harriet liked.

"You are going to stay here for ten days."

"But they won't allow it—the faculty, I mean—the girls have to be in the dormitory every night."

"I telephoned up to the college," the doctor said, "and they are going to send one of the teachers to stay with you."

He had a way with him that seemed to settle things, and Harriet found herself acquiescing meekly.

"Well, I'm glad it's one of the teachers you sent for," she remarked, "and not one of the girls."

"Because the girls are all in love. It's a perfect epidemic. If you had a cure for hearts you could get a good practice up there in the dormitory."

"They wouldn't employ me," his amused glance met her. "They don't want to be cured."

"Well, they are silly," Harriet said. "No," he contradicted, "they are not."

She looked up quickly. "But they are so young—and there's so much in life besides love."

"There is nothing in life," he told her gravely, "but love—love of one's fellow men, love of God, the love of family, of friends, and greatest of all, the love of the lover for the woman who shares his life."

Harriet was thrilled by the way he said it. His wife must be a happy woman she thought.

She said as much to Miss Flick, the little English teacher, when they had been in the doctor's home for over a week. "How happy his wife must be."

For Dr. Redmond was one of the men who, in a selfish world, forgot himself and lived only for the poor souls who depended upon him. Night and day he toiled, gliding in his opportunities, never too tired nor too busy to give himself for others.

Harriet thought of the boys she had known—nice fellows, but occupied with having a good time. She decided that if she ever married she would choose a man like the doctor.

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WORTH KNOWING

Simple But Powerful Prescription for Rheumatism and Lame Back.

This was previously published here and cured hundreds. "Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce Toris Compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Use a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle each time." Good effects are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house.

DESERT MELODY.



"I can sing," said one Toucan, "you bet." "I, too, can," said one that he met. "So if I can, and you can, We two can, we Toucans, So the two Toucans sang a duet."

When Tempus Didn't Fugit.

Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time, but at last the time came when the sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a new one or two suggested by her mother, but they all palled.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said: "It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"—Woman's Home Companion.

THIS TELLS THE STORY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 2, 1910.

1427 West 28th St.

Uncle Sam's Breakfast Food Co., Omaha, Neb.

Gents:—

My mother has used your food for over one year, and it has done her so much good that she feels she can't get along without it, and as no one has it out here, I want to know what a case of 1 or 2 dozen packages will cost me, F. O. B. Omaha or Los Angeles, by freight.

Yours Truly,

J. L. WOODSON.

We certify that the above letter is a true copy of the original and was not solicited.

U. S. D. F. F. CO.

Why She Needed More Nights Off.

Having recently engaged an 18-year-old colored girl to do housework, a New York woman was adjusting the various questions of privileges.

"You will have Monday and Thursday nights off, Eliza," the mistress of the house said.

"On Monday 'n' Thursday nights!" the other exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "My Lawd, Mis' Blank, dat won't do nohow; dat ain't enough. You see, ma'am, I's a debbytante."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure. It is the only positive cure known to the medical profession. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Smith's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietor has no much to do in its cure, and he offers a reward of \$100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for a free trial bottle. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. This is a family pill for constipation.

A Jolt to Romance.

"How about the young doctor? Has he proposed?"

"Not yet. Papa ruined everything last night."

"How was that?"

"Just as the doctor was pleading for a peep at my eyes, papa came in and asked him to take a look at my throat."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Smith.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought.

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong, but that which they carry with them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand.—Milton.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic.

Attacks the Eye in the eye, and is contagious and calls for immediate action. Murine Eye Remedy Affords Reliable Relief. It Soothes, Applies Murine Freely and Frequently. Doesn't Smart.

Bear your own burdens first, after that help to carry those of other people.—George Washington.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROWN SUGAR TABLETS. Laxative and purgative if it fails to cure. A. W. GLOBE'S signature is on each box. See.

Some men go to their graves without discovering that they were not as important as they thought they were.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

has an enviable reputation of over twenty years as a reliable remedy for lumbago, neuralgia, rheumatic twinges, etc., and is a household necessity.

A crab-eating monkey in Siam swims like a fish.

ONLY IRON MINE IN STATE

That at Richmond, Mass., Is the Last of Many That Once Were Flourishing.

Before the days when tidewater transportation and the nearness of furnaces to natural gas and coal mines entered into the profitable production of pig iron there was a string of iron mines along the Housatonic and Housatonic River valleys and across the

Taghonic hills in the towns of Richmond and West Stockbridge.

As early as 1820, iron of high grade had been smelted from "strikes" in the Berkshires. At Richmond, with a great wooden water wheel to furnish power, the furnace which has lasted the longest was established in 1829.

To-day, after continuous operation for eighty years, the Richmond mine is still being worked, and enough

brown ore is taken from the earth to smelt about 200 tons of pig iron weekly.

There is a reason for the operation of this Richmond mine, the only iron mine now being worked in Massachusetts, where only 42 per cent of the ore is metallic iron, while the ores taken from the great mines operated along Lake Superior average from 60 to 65 per cent. Of course like Berkshire papers and other wares made in the westernmost part of Massachusetts, it is the superior quality

Odd Custom of The Past

Ceremony of "Appearing Out" Was One Much Venerated in Connecticut.

In the "History of Windham County, Connecticut," one finds an interesting description of the "appearing out" of a bride in 1785. Mrs. Joseph Gay of Thompson "appearing out" on the Sunday following her marriage in a peach-colored silk, most jauntily made, and hat and headpiece trimmed with the marvelous quantity of 16 yards of white ribbon; and her husband walked by her side in small clothes of white broadcloth.

According to the custom, they took their place in the middle seat of the front gallery, and some time in the course of the service deliberately rose for inspection, turning slowly round and standing in different positions so that the whole effect of their costumes might be exhibited.

The young bride of Dr. Penet Hutchins, who "appeared out" the fol-

lowing year, met a somewhat forbidding reception. The meeting house was cold and the light wedding dress unfit for the season. The minister's wife, after the service, invited the shivering bride to her warm fireside, but she was scarcely seated there when a sharp faced good-wife ushered in three matrons.

"You sit there, and you there, and you there," she promptly ordered; "and you, young woman, may sit back; you fine clothes will keep you warm."—Youth's Companion.

Expansion.

"So your wife is a suffragette?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton.

"Why does she want to vote?"

"I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."

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